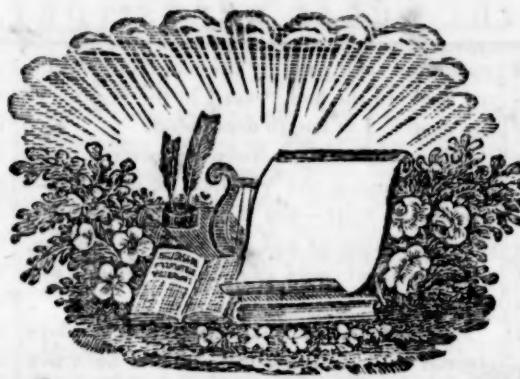


THE RURAL REPOSITORY.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1837.

NO. 24.

SELECT TALES.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

Lydia Ashbaugh, the Witch.

[Concluded.]

A FLASH of lightning seemed to pass over my mind, and in its glare appeared the spirit of the long lost Sophia. I paced the room for some time at intervals repeating the name, and that of Eltham Heathfield—names too fearfully connected. I was now convinced that the wasted and withered form beside me, was what remained of the once most attractive and beautiful Sophia, but I suffered the storm of regret to spend its force, and then drawing a chair sat down beside the recluse, and in a soothing tone observed, 'Sophia, for you are Sophia, remember the days of our youth.' My words fell as balm on a wounded heart, and raising her head, she smiled as a sunbeam from a summer cloud, and ejaculated—' Oh how delightful! twenty-five long years have passed since the human voice has fallen on this heart in kindness.'

She rose and passing into an outer room, bathed her feverish head with cool water, returned and sat down with a composure as if nothing extraordinary had occurred, but her eye falling, perhaps accidentally, on the representation of what she had been, she started up, replaced the veil and again sat down, and pulling out a drawer of the table, drew forth a bundle of papers, bound with a blue ribbon, laid them between us, with the mysterious observation, 'heaven's vengeance REPOSES but SLEEPS not in that casket'; and then continued, ' I am now to explain, *why* we are both here; therefore hear the witch's story. Fear no listeners. Those who are above the belief of witches, are above the meanness, and those who are are would expect worse than the vengeance of heaven, if they dared come near this cell in stealth.'

' The history of my family I need not relate—all that is known to thee as well as to myself—nor need I recall the too much courted Sophia, but it is necessary I should relate circumstances, with which you were, with the world in general, only acquainted by

common report. While in Philadelphia and near completing my education, I was accidentally introduced to a young man, whose name, Eltham Heathfield, will be ere long restored to your recollection. At the moment considered beautiful, and greatly richer than I was in fact, I was flattered, followed, envied and hated by most of my female friends, and pursued as prey by some of the other sex. Passions too powerful for reason, but with a heart in which neither affections or its opposite were moderate it was not in my power to love other than to excess. To most of the young gentleman of my circle, I was only and merely acquainted by sight, to most of them my feelings at least were those of indifference. To all this, Eltham Heathfield was an exception. Mixing with the first society, his manners were polished—his coldness I then attributed to good sense—but I was to learn a deeper cause. A near relation of the family in which I boarded, Heathfield had unlimited admittance to my company, and he profited by the advantage. Few words now are left—I was deeply, purely, and unchangeably as I thought attached, and in the full confidence of full return, was in the warmth of youth, planning how faithfully the duties of wife should be performed. No reason have I now to disguise, and in the face of heaven I declare, I do not believe any other woman ever more sincerely looked forward to wedded happiness founded on a faithful discharge of the highest obligations. These were dreams—youthful dreams—my guardian spirit slept, and I became the slave of a plotting villain. My idol was changed to a demon. The visits of my destroyer were made at lengthening intervals—still, however, though rendered less happy, I was unconscious of the gulf opening before me. Seated one evening on a sofa in the common parlor—the sun had set, but the candles not yet lighted, I felt something of undefined distress, from which I was roused by a well known tread. The figure glided in and without speaking presented a letter, which in the dim light I could but see, and also in silence, wheeled and in much astonishment I was again alone.

' This is a new freak of Eltham,' thought I, as ringing for a light, I rose and when the light came went up stairs to my own room. With an anxiety I could not repress or account for, the letter was opened, and with an effort yet to me inscrutable, it was read and thrown on the table. My very soul felt frozen. The whole horrors of my situation lay before me, painted in few words by my murderer—for to all purposes of earthly enjoyment death spread his veil over me from that fatal night—a night on which no bed was pressed by the ruined Sophia. But every one has their own manner of meeting calamity. Happiness and the man who trampled on my heart were gone together—that heart was bruised, but not crushed—love was there replaced by hatred—undying hatred.'—Here she paused, and all the demon shook her frame and distorted her truly haggard features—but the storm had a pause and she resumed.

' Over a fallen daughter there was no mother to weep, and wither broken hearted—no sister to share the lost reputation—no brother to pierce or be pierced by the foul betrayer—but there was a father, grey with age, and feeble in health, to receive or reject an erring child. To that father I was determined to appeal—on earth he was the only hope, and failed me not in the hour of shame and sorrow. To my native home I fled, leaving my city friends to their surmises. On my father's breast I leaned and to his heart was taken, forgiven and consoled, as far as human consolation would soften misery like mine. In the very room where I was born, I became the mother of a son, whom erst I had hoped to bestow on a doting husband and father.

' Utterly secluded, and seen only by my only parent, and a deaf and dumb servant girl, I nursed my babe, watering his innocent face with my tears. My father you know was a man of uncommon good sense, and I know he was also a man of the kindest feeling, and why he sank not to the grave under so much affliction from the hand of an only daughter, is altogether unaccountable, but he is still

living, and with all the world but yourself believes the tale of my suicide in the Susquehanna. In open day my native farm is visible from this den. But I must haste to conclude my story of wretchedness.

‘The name of my seducer was never repeated to my father—indeed the only stern command I ever received from him, was not to name the monster—a command I had no inclination to disobey. Time passed away and my boy began to lisp in our native tongue, when, as was his daily custom, my father came in and sitting down began to play with little James, observing, ‘we have a new neighbor; Thomas Milford has sold his farm to a new comer named Eltham Heathfield,’ and diverted by the child’s gambols, the effect on me was unobserved. In fact my heart was frozen to every thing beyond the room, but even ice must yield. The cruelty that had been practiced upon me now came home more terribly than ever. No exertion of mind would prevent me from contrasting what I might—what I ought to be as the mistress of the very farm on which you paid for a miserable dinner this day—yes! that sour miser—that suffering wretch, poor in possession of great wealth, is Eltham Heathfield.

‘Knowledge of his existing in our vicinity preyed upon me—I became fretful, irritable, and disrespectful to my protector, my father, and only friend. The face of my boy became even hateful—I thought I could trace a likeness which a disordered mind rendered striking. My father noticed, and attributed my altered conduct to sickness, but it was not sickness of body: it was worse; it was sickness of mind. At some moments I was conscious of my true situation, but in solitude, the brain was preyed upon by the horrid phantoms of its own creation.’

Here she paused and sat as if listening to some distant voice—but it was the effect of overpowering remembrance, and as I sat the picture of anxious attention, she started and resumed—

‘You are now to hear what will require all your confidence to believe possible. As the sun shone through a grated window I awoke, and starting up called to my child which I thought in the bed—no child was there. I then called to my father—the walls answered my echo. I stared around me, every thing was changed. Springing to my feet, I stood petrified and exclaimed, ‘This must be a dream,’ and to convince myself I was not dreaming actually struck the wall with my forehead. I was no longer deceived, but reason would soon again have deserted its post, had not a door opened and a woman, an entire stranger, but with a most benevolent look, stood before me. I was motionless with unutterable wonder, as she advanced to-

wards me taking me by the hand and leading me back to the bed, ‘am I in the regions of the dead?’ I at length demanded.

‘Poor sufferer,’ replied my protector, ‘you are still among the children of mortality—you are on earth—but lie down and be composed.’ I obeyed and she sat down by me, and in a most mild and tender tone I was comforted.

‘My reason was restored—but many days elapsed before I learned that I had been five years in a mad house, in the state of —— four hundred miles from my home. The first time I beheld myself in a mirror I started back with horror. I could not have believed that death itself would have made such a change. My hair was now scanty and grey—all the most fearful ravages of age and distress were united. I requested a bible and one was given me. I read, reflected, and found that my intellects were restored, and then requested the presence of the attending physician. He came, and in him I met a gentleman, and a man of real science on the subject he was appointed to superintend. In a few conversations he became convinced of my sanity. With the cunning of madness I had concealed my name, and though I made the physician a confidant so far as to account for my recent situation, my name, place of birth, or any circumstance which could lead to any knowledge of myself or connections, I concealed.

‘Dead I am regarded no doubt by all who ever knew me,’ I inwardly reflected, ‘and dead I am determined to remain—no one can recognize Sophia Markland under this disguise.’ Tenderly—in reality, too tenderly nurtured, I was very unprepared to labor for a living, but I was determined to labor. Silent, submissive, and regarded as a repentant Magdalen, I found many compassionate hearts. How or by what possible means I had wandered over the space between the insane hospital and my native home, I never can know, as I never can remember: but over the same space I returned as a common female laborer, and still a young woman in years but blasted by misfortune, I re-crossed the Susquehanna, and again beheld my native mountains, perfectly mistress of my mother’s language, the German: I assumed the name by which, when I am not known as mother Rarity, I have since passed.—Performing the duty of a common servant, Lydia Ashbaugh has remained unsuspected in her own father’s house—has attended in sickness and health, her own son, and wept over him bitter tears which fell unseen by mortal eye. In several instances my own tragic story has been related to me or in my hearing, with all its additions of falsity. Some of my clothing was found, according to the tale, on an Island near Harrisburgh, but my body even report never

pretended to have found. Not a living soul out of this room, I sincerely believe, has the most distant suspicion that Lydia Ashbaugh is the ruin of Sophia Markland, and to my grave should the secret have descended, had not recent circumstances opened a scene which compels me to unmask to save my son from the fangs of a villain. But let me be cool,’—as far as passion could excite heat, she was not—but as before, I let the fire burn, and after another pause, she again continued—

‘Determined that my child should not, as far as I could prevent it, share his mother’s shame and wretchedness, I left frequenting my father’s house, as James approached to manhood. This ground on which I reside was the property of my mother, and is of course now mine; having actually leased it from my father. First a ridiculous story was raised by ignorance that I was a witch, or worse. I had long ceased to laugh, but I smiled at the notion of supernatural association, and finding it threw an atmosphere of fear around me, I let it pass. The wise laugh and the fools dread, and so let them. The hour is hastening on when my real power will be shown in thunder.

‘Amid all my trials and changes, from the moment I received the fatal letter from the hand of Eltham Heathfield, there is one passion which has never abated in my bosom. A voice has always seemed to whisper, ‘the day will come when you can take vengeance on that man.’ This voice I have heard in whispers in all hours of the day and night, in every season of the year; on the return of long suspended reason, it came again and animated me in toil. In search of this, good twenty-five years have I toiled, and am soon to reap the fruits, and astonishing as it may sound in your ears, in part by your aid—interrupt me not—you will soon hear and gladly will your aid be granted. But let me return back on time.

‘Maria Heathfield, once the sister of an unworthy brother, was much the younger of the two. They were the only children of parents long since departed, and to rid himself of superintending her education, Maria was sent to an aunt in Philadelphia, where at an age too little advanced to admit much reflection, she fell into company with an emigrant French gentleman, which eventuated in an attachment and marriage. In many respects Maria was fortunate in her connection. M. Stephen Montault was a gentleman in the proper meaning of the term. He was tender and affectionate to his wife, and transported with delight when their only child, a daughter, called Caroline, bloomed in sportiveness. Montault was for this country, rich, but remarkably considerate. This quality was cultivated to profit by Heathfield, the brother, who in a very few years had contrived to

borrow most of his brother-in-law's capital. But matters went smooth on the surface, until the declining health and final death of Maria removed the tie between them.

' Rendered wretched by the loss of his adored wife, and becoming dissatisfied with the conduct of her brother, Montault demanded the return of his money, announcing his intention to remove to New-York. Difficulties increased, and from a real friendship on the part of the Frenchman, open enmity succeeded, and legal redress threatened. Things were in this train, when in the dead of night the house of Montault was involved in flames. The fire I believe was accidental, but his character exposed Heathfield to suspicion.—The natural impulse of Montault in the alarm, was to save his child, which he effected with great difficulty, and at the expense of his own life.—Scorched by the flames, a raging fever was the consequence, and from the moment of seeing his child in safety, Stephen Montault never was in a situation to give any direction as to his affairs, and on the sixth day after his last misfortune, was laid beside the remains of his wife.

' Now all was changed with this family; Caroline was an orphan, at the mercy of her unnatural uncle. He administered on the property, sold in due time, the personal property, and no doubt to blind the world, sent Caroline to Philadelphia, where, whatever was his motive, she received her education. A few things were saved from the fire, and among the rest, that desk, which after falling into other hands, was sold to me for a trifle—but little did I suspect its value. In that corner it stood many years, while other changes were in the womb of time. I never committed a theft but once, if that was really a theft—I stole my own picture and placed it over the desk, and there have they dust-covered remained, shut from every eye but mine.

' While all these events were occurring, my son rose to manhood. The idol of my poor old father, James received a tolerable education.—In a mother's eye he was not only a fine, but an elegant young man, and little did he suppose that the heart of a fond mother beat in the bosom of the menial who took her highest pleasure in washing and arranging his clothing. Mystery indeed hung over his birth, though under the name of James Woolford, start not—Captain James Woolford is my son, and Caroline was once Caroline Montault; but be calm and listen. The last war called to the field many others, and among them my noble boy. Oh! how my bosom beat when, honored with wounds and high in character, he returned into his native country. The train of circumstances which brought James and Caroline together you will learn at a future day; suffice it to

say that to my delight they became man and wife, but their uncle either felt or pretended to feel great indignation, and whatever was the motive, his enmity was durable and serious. The long minority of Caroline left her uncle undisturbed, and when her husband made demands on her property, they were met by the taunt that they had nothing to receive, but on the contrary a large claim against her father was urged. My son was irritated at what he regarded injustice, and unconscious of their real relationship, personal violence was only prevented by the interference of others. After the most diligent search, not a trace of obligation could be found to substantiate the rights of Caroline to her father's property. Involved in law-suits, and persecuted by a haughty relation, this father and mother is now reduced to indigence and despair; but how will their condition be changed to-morrow?

Now beamed something of the once beautiful Sophia Markland. She rose to her feet—her eyes shot with a luster, I could not behold without astonishment; but she checked her transports, and again sat down, seizing at the same time the packet which during her harrowing narrative lay on the table. ' You see that broken desk,' said she pointing to the ruined piece. ' It shall be mended with clasps of silver.'

If I was riveted by any part of the scene I was still more so at what was now placed before me. With great composure Sophia unfolded the papers, and laid them on the table, writing downwards—when done, she again addressed me in words not to be forgotten—

' You remember the thunder storm of last week?' ' Well,' I replied. ' And well do I remember it,' she subjoined. ' Never subject to dread of lightning and thunder, on the contrary, from a child I was rather delighted with the awful display, and on the night I have mentioned, I was sitting in the outer room, viewing the flashes and hearing the echoes from mountain to mountain, when I was stunned by an explosion which seemed to burst from the earth and rend her bowels. My desolate dwelling was struck—you see that split beam. From that the shock fell upon the desk, and threw the fragments over the room. A remark I had once heard in Philadelphia now occurred to my mind. It was that the same place or same object is never, or very rarely, if ever, affected twice by the electricity of the same storm, and that any object or place once touched by an electric shock, is rarely ever again subject to like accident. I therefore now regarded my cabin in safety, and as the storm passed away sought my lone couch, and with the elements was soon at rest.'

' The next morning as day strengthened,

I saw the effect of the stroke of the bolt. The desk was literally shivered, but those and some other papers arrested my attention, and on examination I found that the back part had contained a secret till or kind of drawer, which burst by the explosion, and its contents lay scattered over the floor. After examining some loose fragments of no moment, I picked up the one containing these papers; and now let us glance upon their faces, and learn what they reveal, and here, do you know that writing?' saying this she handed me the paper, and what was my astonishment to see a document written in a hand of great neatness and peculiarity, it was that of a teacher, under whose care I had myself learned to write—but of infinitely greater importance was its tenor. It was a duly executed mortgage, for the money lent by Stephen Montault to his brother-in-law, and the other documents in the same packet were bonds and other obligations which had been thus so remarkably preserved.

In mingled joy and astonishment, I read these precious records, handing them over to the exulting mother, who again folded them up very carefully, while observing, ' on to-morrow a meeting is to take place at Saul Standley's—who is not only justice of the peace, but a peace maker.—Eltham Heathfield is to meet his injured son.—He shall have one chance more to recede and do justice. Let him refuse and all shall be revealed. If, but I need hope, his day is come, and my son and his wife and child shall be restored to their rights. You can attest to his hand writing come what will. Be at Standley's before mid-day to-morrow.'

The reader need not to be told that I was at Standley's at the time appointed, and found by the manner of the old squire that I was expected. I was first on the ground but had not long to wait. Captain James Woolford was next. His noble countenance was care worn, and I could or thought I could, see despair and anxiety contending, and dreaded the consequence on his mind of the revelation I knew was to be made. My lips were, however, sealed. The last words of Sophia Markland to me, on parting, were ' let Heathfield do justice, and then what has passed must forever remain unknown to the world.'

The distressed Woolford was too much occupied with his forebodings of evil to speak much, and I for a different reason was also silent, but watched with increasing anxiety the path over the field where I knew the witch would approach. Her figure at length appeared, and when at some distance Woolford observed her, and exclaimed ' good God! is that woman to be here.'

I could not refrain from observing, ' that woman will do you no harm.' Woolford re-

garded me in silent displeasure, and conscious of my own imprudence, I felt too awkward to give excuse, nor really had I time, so Sophia entered, and to the surprise of the family, well and neatly dressed, and was quickly followed by Heathfield.

'What a meeting between a father and son,' said I, mentally. A scowl of the most repulsive kind sat on the face of the father, and to the greeting of the old magistrate, he scarcely deigned to grumble a reply, and without sitting down, very roughly demanded, 'what is the particular object of troubling me to come here, squire?' and without allowing the squire to explain went on, 'I was not obliged to come, nor have I much time to wait.'

Every eye in the room was fixed on him, but there was one of intense scrutiny, and which as he closed his rude address to the magistrate drew his full attentions, as the question met his ear.—'Eltham Heathfield, do you intend to do justice to your brother's child?' He evidently shrank from the speaker, but attempted to conceal his feelings by turning to the squire and asking in a loud tone, 'What has this hag to do with my affairs?' This to him fatal expression sealed his fate. Sophia had entered the house with her portrait carefully wrapped up, and as the insulting term hag fell from Heathfield, she laid the frame on a table as she rose. Her form always commanding, seemed to gain supernatural height. 'Hag,' she repeated, as Heathfield quailed under her dreadful glance, 'and are you prepared to learn who made me a hag?—Do you dare to look on that face?' and she unwrapped her portrait and set it before him. The very heart's blood of the man seemed frozen—his face assumed a hue incomparably more appalling than death.—Every joint shook, and his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth—not so Sophia, who with an expression of ineffable disdain again repeated 'hag—yes! in madness, in sickness, in shame and in poverty, and even in want have I been for long and bitter years a hag, the scorn of the base and an object of pity to the good—long have I awaited this hour and now I hurl back to the head of my betrayer, the obloquy he has heaped on mine—once more Heathfield, are you ready to do justice to your brother's daughter?' What answer the crushed and confounded wretch would have made can never be known, as while his lips quivered, she was too much excited to wait, and in a voice of still more dreaded import added, 'No! nor under any circumstances can you do justice, but justice shall be done on you; behold that man' and she pointed to Woolford, who with us all stood without power of words or motion awaiting the termination of a scene in which so many developements seemed to rise as from the grave.

'Do you examine that face carefully, while I prepare something more for your comfort.' The faces indeed of the father and son, for very different reasons were fixed steadfastly on each other, as Sophia laying down her portrait, opened the packet handing one paper after another to the old and astonished magistrate, and then again addressing Heathfield, observed, 'A few fleeting moments and you might have retired to your home, and so would I have done to mine, and went to the grave unrevenged—for as the hour approached I shrunk from revealing to that injured man who was his father. But—but I could not see him and his wife and child robbed. Behold your son and mine!'

In a moment the mother and son were in each others arms. The father heard no more—he fell writhing in agony, and—but let me draw a veil over the residue of this scene. * * *

In a few days after the funeral of the uncle, Maria Woolford, for his mother and grandfather would not hear of his assuming the name of Heathfield, and her husband therefore was by her made master of the ample fortune of his father. The mother removed and resided with them, but remained secluded. With very great caution her existence was made known to her aged father, who in a few years breathed his last breath into her bosom. In memory of their many vicissitudes and in the calm enjoyments of the goods of the earth, this family lives in tranquillity and peace. The very name of Heathfield is a forbidden sound in their dwelling.

From the Lady's Book.

The Greek Bride.

Scio was one of the most beautiful and opulent of all the Greek Islands, and its inhabitants amongst the most intelligent and refined to be found in that ancient abode of luxury and learning. It would seem that the Muses, driven from their Arcadian haunts, still lingered about the fanes of this delightful Isle, unwilling to abandon its temples to the desecration of the Turk, or its grove-crowned hills and lovely valleys to the desolation that had left the rest of Greece a waste of ruins. Her merchants were suffered to accumulate their wealth within their marble palaces, and her classic-formed daughters had heard, but never known, the misery of their sisters in less favored portions of this unhappy country.

But this security was only transient. Destruction in its most powerful shape burst suddenly and terrifically upon them. Their wealth excited the cupidity, and some trifling circumstance roused the jealousy, of the Turk, and the flaming brand was hurled amongst her dwellings, the sword was reeking with the blood of her last and noblest citizens. Her daughters, the most beautiful of

Greece, were dragged to a revolting servitude, or perished amidst the ashes of their dwellings, or fled to the inaccessible rocks of the mountains, the last resort of the oppressed. A few hurried to the shipping, and, weighing anchor, bade adieu for ever to their native soil.

But the sufferings, dreadful and appalling as they were, that the natives of Scio endured at the first sacking by the Turks, were not to be compared with the long months of toil and peril and hunger, which those experienced who had escaped from the sword, only to die of cold and famine amidst the fastnesses of their mountain wilds. Many of these wretched beings, driven to desperation, would come down to the sea-shore, on the approach of a merchant vessel, and implore to be taken on board to escape the prolonged misery of dying by cold and starvation.

It was at this period that an American vessel, passing the coast, stopped at the north side of the Island for the purpose of procuring water. It would be impossible to describe the heart-rending scenes of distress that were here presented to the view. Women, beautiful as the fabled beings of antiquity, were wandering about houseless and famishing, and apparently bewildered by the very extremity of their sufferings. Some endeavoring to sustain a languishing babe whose feeble wail and lusterless eye told that its few days of wretchedness were fading to a close. Others sustaining the tottering steps of a father or husband, whose spirit was crushed, and brow furrowed, and whose vigorous form was bowed to the earth by the accumulated wrongs heaped upon his family. It was a scene that touched every heart. Garments were doffed and food distributed, almost to the danger of producing famine and distress on ship board. The scene wrought so powerfully upon the feelings of a young passenger, Mr. C——, that abandoning the original object of his voyage, he resolved to spend a few months amongst the desolations of Scio; stipulating that the vessel should stop for him on her homeward bound passage. All remonstrated, but in vain; he was sick, indulged, and obstinate and accordingly we proceeded without him. On our return we found Mr. C—— ready to embark, and apparently excited by the most pleasurable emotions. We found he had employed his leisure in winning the affections of a young and lovely girl, whose father and brother had perished amidst the carnage of the sacking, by the Turks.

I should not dare attempt a description of Zella. She was the very personification of all that is pure and trusting and beautiful. I might have thought her too delicate in her proportions, had not the perfect roundness and fulness of outline at once filled the imag-

ination. But her dark soft eye—the eye must be the seat of the soul—and Zella's must have been a holy and lovely one; for never did I behold one so brilliant, and yet so subdued, so chaste in its expression.

But I must not stop for description. As the vessel receded from the shore, and the figures of the melancholy group became less and less distinct, my heart misgave me, that the pale, trembling girl, who clung so trustingly to the arm of her lover, had entrusted her happiness to one, little qualified to promote and cherish it. I felt she had lavished all the treasures of her young and confiding heart, with its untold wealth of innocence and love, upon one, little capable of appreciating its worth or returning its tenderness. But the young bride thought not so. And who, that looked upon the fine form, the manly brow and commanding air of Frederic C—— would dream of fickleness or dis-honor? And then his smile, it was the very one to go to a woman's heart.

I stood by as the fair girl gave a last embrace, a last look of love to those she should see no more on earth. The calm, dignified mother—who seemed in her matronly beauty to realize the very ideal of a Niobe—the gay and noble spirited brother, and the graceful sister, who wept in agony on the neck of the companion of her childhood. They had trod together the marble halls of their father, and sported together by the hill and fountain side, and when sorrow came, the rocky cliff, and mossy pillow were more tolerable when shared with that sister. All these things were now to do no more; and she clung wildly to her neck. The mother whispered a word about the beauty of that sister, and the brutality of the Turk, and the young creature stood passive and resigned to the separation.

As the figures became indistinct, and the green shores and rocky cliffs one after another became lost in the distance, Zella clung more closely to her husband's arm, as if he were now the whole world to her. When at length the Isle, where she had loved and endured so much, was hid from her sight, she sank senseless into his arms.

Our voyage was long and tedious; but not a sound of discontent escaped the lips of the Greek girl. Her patience, her cheerfulness, and kindness, won all hearts. The most uncouth sailor would doff his cap, and with awkward, but hearty kindness endeavor to perform some little act of courtesy, that might make her situation on ship-board more tolerable. For this he was sure to be rewarded by a sweet smile, that would pass like a gleam of sunshine over her pale, quiet face.

Even on the voyage the restlessness and natural querulousness of Frederic's disposition began to exhibit itself; and I have more

than once seen an honest tar boiling with indignation, when he had observed the eyes of the fair girl fill with tears at some irritable remark of Mr. C——.

As we approached our native shore all hearts were buoyant with the prospect of home. But Zella only grew more pensive—more sick at heart. It was evident that Mr. C——, was beginning to tire of the gentle being who could only address him in the soft accents of her native land. He had brought her from her own kindred and friends to die amongst strangers—of a broken heart.

We arrived in safety, and in the delight of seeing old friends, and awakening old recollections, the fate of Zella was forgotten. But, as I began to mingle in society, I occasionally encountered Mr. C——, with his beautiful Greek Bride upon his arm. I observed, with pain, she grew more pale and languid, and the quick, gratified smiles, with which she recognized her old shipmate, soon passed away and left her face more pale and melancholy than before. I visited her and strove to rouse her from the apathy into which she was sinking. She had become sick of the realities of earth. Mr. C——, without in the least exerting himself to wile her from painful reflections, was evidently piqued at her melancholy, and made it an apology for neglecting her. Perhaps his conscience would sometimes upbraid him for his injustice to one, so entirely dependant upon himself for happiness, and he would be lavish in his attentions and expressions of tenderness. In a moment the pensive languid being was transformed into one radiant with smiles, a creature of grace and beauty, warmed into vitality by the breath of love. But this very excitability was fast wearing her into the grave.

Though Zella strove eagerly to catch the language of her husband's people, she made but little progress, for her husband was too indolent to teach her, and took no pains to procure her masters. He was but imperfectly acquainted with Greek, and hated the exertion to talk it. It was evident poor Zella stood in his way. A woman's penetration is quick where she has garnered up her heart.

Often did I sit by as she warbled some of the delicious airs of her country. Her dark eyes would fill with tears, and there was in her look and attitude such an entire resignation to sorrow; such an expression of a breaking heart, that it went to my very soul. I found her one day holding her small hand to the light, and looking with a faint smile at its thin outline. 'It cannot waste much thinner,' she gently murmured.

How she seemed to long for the rest of the grave! How sadly and wearily did she count the days as they passed away in her loneliness and sorrow. I spoke of the friends

she had left in Scio—she sobbed convulsively and waved her hand for me to be silent. Her heart was too full of grief to dwell upon the love of those she should see no more. I ventured to suggest the possibility of their meeting again—she shook her head, and pointing upwards, answered, 'No, no, only there.' Her husband upbraided her with her melancholy, and cruelly told her she should have thought of the possibility of these things before she left Scio. One day he overheard her singing the following song.

SONG OF THE GREEK GIRL.

Alas! for the moss-grown seat
Beside the gushing rill,
Where sprang the wild flowers sweet,
When my heart was young and still.

Alas! for the sister's love,
The sweet protecting care—
My heart, like a stricken dove,
Longs to be sheltered there.

Alas! for the gladsome sound,
The voice of mirth and glee,
That echoed the rocks around,
By my brother young and free.

Alas! for the kind, low tone,
Of a Mother's voice to hear,
For my heart is chill and lone—
Mother! would thou wert near.

Alas! for the warm kind hand
My gentle mother laid
On my head, in our own bright land,
When the evening prayer was said.

Alas! for the quiet grave,
Beneath the spreading tree—
Land of my birth beyond the wave,
Had'st thou no grave for me?

This was sung with so much feeling, and in so sweet, plaintive a voice, that it would have gone to any other heart. Mr. C—— uttered something about her perpetual complainings.

It is doubtful whether she understood him. She saw his manner, and gasping, fell at his feet. His heart smote him—for the first time he felt she was dying. When consciousness returned she received his caresses with the tears silently trickling from her eyes. His tenderness returned too late. It could not now restore her to life and happiness. Indulgence had rendered him cold and selfish, and he was incapable of that calm, steady affection, so necessary to the sensitive heart. Day after day did Zella grow more pale and languid, yet she murmured not nor complained. When told she was dying, a bright smile that reminded me of Scio, passed over her face—she looked fervently, thankfully upward—her lips moved—and all was still.

Thus died the victim of coldness and neglect. Mr. C—— was now a free man again. His compunctions came too late. Zella could no more suffer from his indifference or soothe the stings of a reproving conscience. She was gone where the 'wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

E. O. S.

Portland, Nov. 1836.

MISCELLANY.

The King and the Antelope.
OR PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

THE court of Baharam, the fifth king of Persia, was one of the gayest companies that ever encircled the Sassanian throne. There have been periods in the history of the country when the palace has exhibited superior splendor; there have been times of greater luxury, and reigns when wit has flourished with more brilliance; but never, perhaps, has there been an age in which active amusement and bodily diversion have been so systematically and incessantly pursued. The understanding of the monarch might be rated considerably above the average of kingly intellect; yet a candid and impartial observer would probably have characterized him as restless rather than enterprising, ingenuous rather than wise. He was yet young when he ascended the throne, and that ambition which belonged to his nature, having never been directed by prudent counsellors, to objects worthy of its possessor's talents and station, led him to seek the distinction accorded to feats of bodily strength and skill, rather than to bend his energies to those pursuits of which the scene was the cabinet and not the field, of which the reward was the approbation of the wise and the result the happiness of the country. The courtier of course had the taste of his master; and to hurl the lance, to draw the bow, to rein the struggling steed and to follow the flying deer, soon became the only occupations of the attendants of Baharam.

In all the undertakings of the king, the chief object which he sought was the applause of those around him. Whenever he went into the field the ladies of his court accompanied him; and the wonder and delight which they testified at any extraordinary feat of skill, constituted abundant recompense for the trouble which he had taken. Among the females attached to his court was one who, though less personally attractive, perhaps, than any other in the circle, possessed, by the commanding vigor of her intellect, and the winning gentleness of her temper, a greater influence than any other over the heart of the monarch. The mild intelligence that dwelt in every feature of her countenance, gave to her face a power which was denied to the more sparkling eye and the more blushing cheek. Notwithstanding all the efforts to gain the smiles of this lady, the king never found that to his hopes she responded with all the gratification he could have wished to inspire. Her smile when won was always mingled with a shade either of regret or contempt. In truth, she loved Baharam, and was grieved to see his powers applied to ends so little

worthy of his dignity; she wished him to be withdrawn from enterprises so insignificant, to others which would adorn his station and exalt his name.

'Surely,' she would sometimes say to him, throwing the advice in an impersonal form, 'surely, sire, those persons who are eminent for mental or political greatness, command a larger portion of esteem than those who have become distinguished for physical dexterity, in which, in truth, any one could obtain the same proficiency who would abandon himself to them in the same degree.'

To suggestions like these the monarch lent an unwilling ear, and generally managed to forget them as soon as they were concluded.

After many an unsuccessful trial, the king had at length become able to execute a feat which he had long labored for, and was now anxious that his courtiers and ladies should be spectators of the display. He carried them, therefore, to the plain, and an antelope was found, asleep. The monarch discharged an arrow with such precision as to graze its ear. The animal awoke, and put his hind hoof to the ear, to brush off the fly by which he conceived himself annoyed. As the hoof was passing above his head, another arrow from the royal bow fastened it to his horn. The exulting Baharam turned from the congratulations of the throng to his favorite lady, expecting to receive her warmest praises. Vexed to see that toil squandered upon an unworthy trick which, properly applied, might have enlarged empire and consummated mighty revolutions, the lady coolly replied, 'Neeko kurden z pur kurden est; ' 'Practice makes perfect.'

Enraged at this uncourteous observation, the king instantly ordered her to be carried to the mountains, and there exposed to perish. The order was promptly obeyed; the lady was left alone on the middle of a mountain forest, and the train returned to the palace.

About four years after the events described above, Baharam was walking with his minister near the plain where he had pierced the hoof of the antelope.

'It was here,' said the king in a musing mood, 'that my rashness destroyed a lady for a thoughtless speech; and I was deprived of the only person whom I ever loved. The place which she occupied within my heart has never been supplied. Why was an order dictated by passing passion executed with such fatal precision? It is the curse of royalty, that while the resolution of kingly plans is controlled by the weakness of humanity, the irrevocable decision of divinity presides over their execution. To the rashness and errors of ordinary men is granted the blessing of timely repentance; but the discovery of his wrong, by an erring king, only wakes a barren anguish.'

While the king thus soliloquised, his walk brought him within sight of a small cottage almost hidden among the trees, at the door of which he beheld, with amazement, a young and delicate female carrying a cow upon her shoulder up a flight of twenty steps. Astonished at a circumstance so extraordinary, he immediately sent his minister to inquire by what means such unusual strength was brought to reside in a form so frail. The minister returned with the information that the lady said her secret should be revealed to none but Baharam, and to him only on his condescending to visit her alone. The king instantly went, and when he had ascended to her room, desired her to explain the remarkable sight.

'Four years ago,' she replied, 'I took possession of this upper room. Soon after my arrival I bought a small calf, which I regularly carried up and down the steps, once every day. This exercise I have never intermitted, and the improvement of my strength has kept pace with the increasing weight of the animal.'

The monarch began to repeat his admiration of what he had seen, but she bade him not to lavish praise were praise was not due. 'Practice makes perfect,' said the lady in her natural voice, and at the same time lifting her veil, displayed the features of her whom he had mourned as dead. The king recognized and embraced his favorite; delighted with that love which had led her to pass four solitary years in an endeavor to regain his favor. Struck, too, by the visible logic of so conductive an example, he perceived that of those bodily feats which he valued so highly, the most extraordinary were easily possible to time and perseverance; and he resolved, upon the spot, to abandon so poor an ambition, and to consecrate the remainder of his life to acts that should command the respect of Virtue, and win the regard of Fame.

Recollections of a Portrait Painter.

'ALLOW me,' said the young and joyous Lord S—, as he entered my studio one bright day, 'to introduce a friend and school fellow. Mr. D'A— is a sad misanthrope; but I have prevailed on him to accompany me to-day; and, as he is *devoué* to the arts, I crave your permission for him to admire and meditate upon your 'rooms of beauty,' for such they are,' added he, gaily looking around.

'I shall be too happy,' replied I, ushering the young and distinguished looking stranger into an adjoining room, whose walls were covered with framed and unfinished pictures, sketches, and casts.

Returning to Lord S— (who was to have a sitting)—'That is a most strange fellow,' said he, after a pause; 'he is handsome, as

you see ; he belongs to one of the first families in England (a little more to the right, oh ! very well—will that do ?) Oh ! his father is departed—gone to *his* fathers, I suppose—and D'A— was rich, clever, and the *fadion* ; when suddenly he left England in despair—cause unknown ! He did not go to Paris or to Rome, where a man may forget all things, even himself, but to Arabia, Persia, and the Holy Land—a pilgrimage, in short ! (More to the light ?—) Some time after his departure, I have heard that he met with some old paper : what he saw there, I know not—but that moment decided him, and he became a misanthrope ; forswore all society, men and women, would not write or speak to, hear or see, an English person—and that for two long years ! Now it is only business, imperative business, which has brought him to town, and that for a few days only ; for even in England he will see no one who has known his former haunts. He has been here but a week, and starts for Nova Zembla to-morrow. I was once his dearest friend, and made him come this morning to your studio. Strange fellow that—mysterious and romantic quite, is it not ?" laughed my gay young sitter.

As I was about to reply, Mr. D'A— re-entered the room ; he expressed much calm admiration, some courteous and judicious criticism ; and seeing his love for beauty, I brought forward a number of miniatures he had not yet seen, and, leaving him to examine them, returned once more to my colors.

Mr. D'A— was decidedly handsome ; he had manly and yet chiseled features, a broad white brow, and a frame of elegant and faultless proportions ; a mouth which, though now compressed and almost despairing in its sternness, could evidently smile most sweetly ; and eyes—dark eyes—whose expression, soft and gentle as a woman's, could only be described by saying that they were 'filled with love' for all things good and beautiful ; a voice deep and touching, a manner kind and conciliating. Could this man be a misanthrope ?

One after another he opened the rich cases, till at length he came to one which was but lately finished, and which represented a face of no common loveliness. 'Good God !' was his unguarded exclamation ; 'can it be her ?' and his cheek changed suddenly and strangely, whilst his lip quivered fearfully. 'Forgive me,' apologized he, 'but tell me who this is ?'

For a moment, which to him seemed to be an age of agonized suspense, I could not recall the name—

'Miss R. of Langton Hall, in Devonshire,' was my reply.

'Are you certain ?' said he, in breathless agitation ; 'when was it taken—you do no know—'

'Three months ago Miss R. first sat to me, but since that she has quitted England.'

'And—and—is she still Miss R.?' gasped he.

'She is—and at this moment the reigning beauty at some German court. My information is correct, I know, as it was given to me by her cousin, Mrs. G—n, for whom that picture was taken.'

'You do not, *cannot* mean it !' groaned Mr. D'A— ; 'how I have thrown away my happiness !'—for a moment his countenance was pale, and trembling with emotion ; but soon rapture and hope illuminated his magnificent features. He shook my hand almost fiercely, and muttered, 'You have saved me ; but,' added he, more calmly, 'I owe some explanation for this most wild conduct—and you, too, dear S—, shall hear my tale.'

'Three years ago I first knew Miss R—, and to know her was, with me, to love her deeply, passionately. We were not engaged, but she well knew my adoration. When one night I saw her talking to a Mr. G—n, I did not like her manner, and I told her so—she laughed. Maddened at what I thought her contempt, in anger and in rashness I left the country, determined to forget her ! By chance I met with an old paper, and saw in it the marriage of Miss R— to Mr. G—n.

'To me there could be but one who bore that fatal name. Fool that I was—I know it now—I see it all ; it was her cousin ! I see it now, but then it drove me to despair—and cursing my fate, I wandered a very wretch ; and, as I would see no one, should have been, still deceived, but for this miniature. This beautiful face and my own folly have been the cause of my strange conduct—but I may now once more be happy, and shall leave England to-night to seek and to implore forgiveness from her I have so long and so madly loved.'

He left us ; but ere many months had passed he paid another visit to my studio, and on his arm leant his blushing and beautiful bride—the lost, the sought, the won !—Miss R. no longer !

L. D.

Naval Anecdote.

CAPTAIN BRENTON, in his Naval History of Great Britain, tells the annexed of Admiral Cornwallis.—'I remember a curious anecdote of this very remarkable and gallant officer, Admiral Cornwallis. He was a man of very few words, but they were very weighty and forcible when they fell. When he commanded either the Canada or the Lion in the West Indies, I forget which, the seamen were dissatisfied with him for some cause or other, and, when the ship was going before the wind, they threw a letter over the stern, which they contrived should be blown into the stern

gallery. In this document they expressed a determination not to fight, should they come in the presence of the enemy. Cornwallis read the letter, went on deck, turned his hands up and thus addressed them ; 'So, my lads, I find you don't intend to fight, if we meet the French ; well, never mind, I'll take care you shall be well shot at, for I will lay you near enough.' They gave him three hearty cheers, and in the subsequent battle no ship could have behaved better.'

At a banquet, when solving enigmas was one of the diversions of Alexander and his officers, the enigma given was, 'What is that which did not come last year, has not come this year, and will not come next year ?' A distressed officer started up and said, 'It certainly must be our arrears of pay.' The king was so diverted by this witty reply, that he commanded him to be paid up, and also increased his salary.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. Madrid, N. Y. \$5.00; J. H. Jr. N. Y. \$1.00; J. R. & J. C. F. West Point, N. Y. \$2.00; C. W. B. Penn Yan, N. Y. \$3.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whittaker, Mr. John Ackly to Miss Sarah Cheney.

DIED.

In this city, on Wednesday, the 19th ult. Martha Rebecca, infant daughter of Simeon S. and Rebecca Hathaway, aged 10 months and 2 days.

The following lines were selected by her afflicted mother on witnessing her extreme sufferings during the last week of her illness.

To mark the sufferings of the babe,
That cannot speak its woe ;
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow ;
To meet the meek uplifted eye,
That faint would ask relief,
That can but tell of agony—
This is a mother's grief.

Through dreary days and darker nights,
To trace the march of death ;
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shortened breath :
To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all is ended with its close—
This is a mother's grief !

To see in one short hour decayed
The hope of future years,
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears ;
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys of earth—
This is a mother's grief !

Yet when the first wild throb is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think, 'my child is there !'
This best can dry the mother's tears,
This yields the heart relief ;
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes the mother's grief.

On Wednesday, the 12th of April ult. G. Wendell Prime, son of Rev. Nathaniel S. Prime, of Newburgh, in the 18th year of his age.

On the 18th ult. Moses A. G. son of George and Eliza Reynolds, in his 11th year.

On the 27th ult. Frederick, son of Franklin and Ann Maria Taylor, aged 6 weeks.

On the 28th ult. Frederick, son of Walter and Julia Cable, aged 1 year and 10 months.

On the 30th ult. Anna, daughter of Wm. H. and Phebe G. Dornin, aged 13 days.



SELECT POETRY.

From the New-York American.

To that Lock of Sunny Hair.

PLEDGE of the past! rash type of pain,
Of fevered hopes, and tortured fears,
Beside my heart, thou shalt remain
For years—For years.

'Tis weakness; yet when youth despairs,
And love grows silent as the grave,
Who hath not still embraced the cares
His feelings have?

Who hath not clasped to memory's breast
The image of a riled pleasure,
And deemed that he is not unblest
In that poor treasure?

The perfume of a fading flower,
Tho' sickly, is a perfume yet
That lives when any grateful shower
Hath wept it wet!

And so the odor of affection,
Is wakened, and revives once more,
When tears of former recollection
Bedew it o'er!

Alas! and can I moralize
With bursting heart, and burning brow?
Oh wreck of tender sympathies,
I feel thee now!

I walk the world alone, alone,
I hate,—I scorn,—I smile,—I swear
I am become a man of stone;
Without a tear!

There is no wish, there is no thought,
To strew with flowers my barren way,
To cheer the winter of my lot
With one kind ray!

But only *thee*; and ne'er could cling
The tendril to its parent tree,
So fondly in its infant spring,
As I to thee!

To *thee*; oh whither wings my thought?
I must be calm—I must control
This tenderness that sets at naught
Thy struggling soul!

To *thee*—to what? your trifling braid
Of drooping and unconscious hair,
O Hope—O Love—O Memory fade,
And leave me with despair.

From the Liberator.

The Calling of God.

The following effusion of J. G. Whittier's spirit-stirring muse, though intended only for a lady, in explanation of something he had said to her in conversation, is a gem too pure and bright to be kept in her casket—may it be set in the hearts of your readers:

Nor always as the whirlwind's rush
On Horeb's mount of fear;
Nor always as the burning bush
To Midian's shepherd seer;
Nor as the awful voice which came
To Israel's prophet bards,
Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,
Nor gift of fearful words;

Not always thus with outward sign
Of fire, or voice from Heaven,
The message of a truth divine—
The call of God, is given!
Awaking in the human heart
Love for the *True* and *Right*—
Zeal for the Christian's 'better part,'
Strength for the Christian's fight.

Nor unto manhood's heart alone
The holy influence steals:
Warm with a rapture not its own,
The heart of *woman* feels!
As she who by Samaria's wall
The Saviour's errand sought—
As those who with the fervent Paul
And meek Aquila wrought.

Or those meek ones, whose martyrdom
Rome's gathered grandeur saw,
Or those who in their Alpine home
Braved the Crusader's war,
When the green Vaudois, trembling, heard
Through all its vales of death,
The martyr's song of triumph, poured
From woman's failing breath.

Oh, gently by a thousand things
Which o'er our spirits pass,
Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,
Or vapors o'er a glass,
Leaving their token strange to view
Of music or of shade,
The summons to the *Right* and *True*
And *Merciful* is made.

Oh, then, its gleams of Truth and Light
Flash o'er the waiting mind,
Unfolding to our mental sight
The wants of human kind—
If brooding over human grief
The earnest wish is known,
To soothe and gladden with relief
An anguish not our own!

Though heralded with nought of fear,
Or outward sign or show—
Though only to the inward ear
It whispers soft and low—
Though dropping as the manna fell
Unseen—yet from above—
Holy and gentle—heed it well!
The call to *Truth* and *Love*!

From the Amulet, for 1828.

The Departed.

— And thus they flit away
Earth's lovely things.

WHERE's the snow—the summer snow—
On the lovely lily flower?
Where the hues the sunset shed
O'er the rose's crimson hour?
Where's the gold—the bright pure gold—
O'er the young laburnum flung;
And the fragrant sighs that breathed
Whence the hyacinth drooping hung?

Gone, gone—they all are gone.
Maiden lovelier than the spring;
Is thy bloom departed too?
Has thy cheek forgot its rose,
Or thine eye its April blue?
Where are thy sweet bursts of song?
Where the wreaths that bound thy hair?
Where the thousand prisoner curls?
And the sunny smiles are—where?
Gone, gone—they all are gone.

Youth, where is thine open brow?
What has quelled thine eagle eye?
Where's the freshness of thy cheek?
And the dark hair's raven dye?
Where's thy crimson banner now?
Where's thine eager step and sword?
Where's thine hour of dreamless sleep?
Where frank jest and careless word?
Gone, gone—they all are gone.
Where's the lighted hall; and where
All that made its midnight gay?
Where's the music of the harp?
And the minstrel's nightly lay?
Where's the graceful saraband?
Where the lamp of starry light?
Where the vases of bright flowers?
Where the blushes yet more bright?
Gone, gone—they all are gone.

Where are those fair dreams that made
Life so beautiful at first?
Were the many fantasies
That young Hope so fondly nurt;
Love with motto like a knight,
Faithful even to the tomb?
Fortune following the wish;
Pleasure with a folded plume?
Gone, gone—they all are gone.
Oh! mine heart where are they—
Visions of thine earlier hour,
When thy young hope's colors were
Like those on the morning flower?
Where's the trusting confidence
Of affection deep and true?
And the spirits, sunshine like,
Which o'er all their gladness threw?
Gone, gone—they all are gone.

From the New-York Weekly Messenger.

God is every where.

WHERE is God? I asked a child
Of form and feature fair:
'God?' she replied, in accents mild—
'Why, God is every where!'

Does he not reign in yonder sky,
In yon star-region fair?
She made me still the same reply—
'Why, God is every where!'

Does he creation's bounds then fill,
As the bright heaven there?
The artless creature answered still—
'Why, God is every where!'

Yes child! he's here, and he's above—
He sees thy every care:
He knows thy heart, he knows thy love—
My child! he's every where! C. W. E.

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